

## DRAMATIC SEQUELS.

OCTAVIAN AND CLEOPATRA.

THIS is not, as might at first be imagined, a sequel to the *Antony and Cleopatra* of SHAKESPEARE, but to the *Cæsar and Cleopatra* of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Unlike SHAKESPEARE'S famous tragedy, it is written with a scrupulous regard for the facts of history, and, Mr. SHAW, if we would let him, would be happy to prove in a prefatory essay that its dialogue is not only true to life, but is substantially a reproduction of what was actually spoken in the year B.C. 31, by the characters.

SCENE—An extravagantly furnished apartment in the Palace at Alexandria. CLEOPATRA is discovered seated upon her throne. She is dressed with mournful splendour, as befits a queen who has been defeated at Actium and has suffered a recent bereavement. Her face is as attractive as a liberal use of cosmetics can make it, and her whole appearance is that of a middle-aged and rather dissipated member of the corps de ballet, who has gone into half-mourning because the manager has reduced her salary. CHARMIAN, a pretty, shrewish-looking damsel, is in attendance on her.

Cleopatra (nervously). Am I looking my best, CHARMIAN?

Charinian (sulkily). Your majesty is looking as well as I can make you. If you are not satisfied you had better get another maid.

Cleo. (looking at herself in hand mirror). Silly child. Of course I am satisfied. I think you are wonderful.

Char. (mollified). Yes. I think I've not done so badly.

Cleo. Of course, with ANTONY not even buried yet it would hardly have done for me to be too magnificent.

Char. (decidedly). Most unsuitable.

Cleo. As it is, I think we've arrived at a rather successful blend of splendour and sorrow, suggesting at once the afflicted widow and the queen who is open to consolation.

Char. That is certainly the impression we intended to convey. By the way, when does CÆSAR arrive?

Cleo. OCTAVIAN? Almost at once.

Char. His first visit, isn't it?

Cleo. Yes. So much depends on a first impression. (Looks at mirror again.) I think we shall captivate him.

Char. (dubiously). He's not very impressionable, I hear.

Cleo. No. But I shall manage it. Think how completely I fascinated JULIUS.

Char. His uncle? I'm afraid that's hardly a reason why you should prove equally attractive to the nephew.

Cleo. My dear child, why not?

Char. Well—the lapse of time, you know. That was seventeen years ago.

## ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



'I HAVE BEEN DREAMING OF A THING LIKE THEE.'—Wade.

Cleo. How horrid you are. I wish you hadn't such an accurate memory for dates.

Char. Yes, dates are stubborn things.

Cleo. (pettishly). That's no excuse for perpetually reminding me of them. I declare I've a good mind to have you executed.

Char. (tranquilly). Your majesty will hardly do that. I am the only person in Egypt who really understands the secret of your majesty's complexion.

Cleo. That's true. But you ought to be more tactful.

Char. (tossing her head). You can't expect me to display tact when my wages haven't been paid since the battle of Actium.

Cleo. Poor child! Never mind, when OCTAVIAN is at my feet you shall be paid in full. Will that satisfy you?

Char. I'd much rather have something on account.

Cleo. I wish you wouldn't vex me in this way just when it's so important that I should look my best. You know how un-

becoming temper is to a woman when she is . . . well, over thirty (beginning to cry).

Char. There, there! I'm sorry I said anything to hurt you. Don't cry, for Heaven's sake, or that rouge will run. Then I shall have to go all over you again. Dry your eyes, there's a good creature. (CLEOPATRA does so obediently.) I declare you're all in streaks. Come here, and let me put you straight.

[CLEOPATRA goes to CHARMIAN who produces powder-puff, etc., and repairs the ravages of emotion.]

Cleo. Quick, quick! They're coming. I hear them. I'm glad he's so early. Only a quarter of an hour after his time. (Proudly) That shows how eager he is to see me! I feel that this is going to be another of my triumphs.

[CHARMIAN puts the finishing touch to the Queen just as CÆSAR enters. She then hastily conceals powder-puff, etc., behind her. CLEOPATRA has no time to return to the throne, and stands rather awkwardly with

CHARMIAN to receive her visitors. These prove to be OCTAVIAN, a pale, dyspeptic-looking young man of about thirty; AGRIPPA, a bluff, thick-set, red-faced warrior past middle-age, and a guard of Roman soldiers.

Octavian (looking round the gorgeous apartment with much disgust, and speaking in a soft, weary voice). Ugh! Bad taste, very bad taste all this.

Agrippa. You know what these barbarians are. (To the two women) Kindly inform the Queen CÆSAR is here.

Cleo. (advancing). I am the Queen. How do you do?

Agr. You! Nonsense!

Cleo. (archly). Oh, yes, I am.

Oct. (with gentle melancholy). Dear, dear, another illusion gone!

Cleo. Illusion?

Oct. Your beauty, you know; your grace, your charm. I had heard so much of them. So had AGRIPPA. Let me introduce you, by the way. AGRIPPA—CLEOPATRA. (Wearily) As I was saying, it is most disappointing.

Agr. (gruffly). Not what I expected at all! [CHARMIAN giggles furtively.]

Cleo. (puzzled). You—don't admire me?

Oct. (gently). Admire you? My dear lady!

Cleo. (bridling). ANTONY was of a different opinion.

Agr. (bluntly). ANTONY was a fool.

Oct. Hush, my dear AGRIPPA! You hurt her feelings.

[AGRIPPA shrugs his shoulders and crosses to CHARMIAN, with whom he commences a vigorous flirtation.]

Cleo. (angrily). Never mind my feelings.

Oct. Frankly then, dear lady, we are not impressed. We came here prepared for a beautiful temptress, a dazzling siren whom I must resist or perish, something seductive, enticing. And what do we find?

Cleo. (furious). Well, what do you find?

Oct. (in his gentlest voice). Dear lady, don't let us pursue this painful subject. Probably we had not allowed for the flight of time. Suffice it that our poor hopes are unrealised. (Looking round) But I don't see CÆSARION.

Cleo. (sullenly). My son is not here.

Oct. Another disappointment.

Cleo. You wished to speak to him?

Oct. Yes. They talk of him as a son of JULIUS, don't they?

Cleo. He is a son of JULIUS.

Oct. A sort of relation of mine, then? I must really make his acquaintance. Can you give me his address?

Cleo. (sulkily). No. If you want him, you will have to find him for yourself.

Oct. (blandly). I shall find him, dearest Queen. You need be under no apprehensions about that.

Cleo. Brute!

Oct. Eh?

Cleo. Nothing. I was only thinking.

Oct. Never think aloud, dear lady. It's a dangerous habit.

Cleo. (impatiently). Is there anything further you want with me?

Oct. (affably). Nothing, thank you, nothing. At least, nothing just now.

Cleo. You would like to see me later?

Oct. (gentler than a sucking dove). In a few weeks, perhaps. The Triumph, you know. The sovereign people throwing up their caps and hallooing. The Procession up the Sacred Way, with the headsman at the end of it all. (Yawning slightly) The usual thing.

Cleo. (losing her temper). Oh, you're not a man at all! You're a block, a stone! You have no blood in your veins. You're not like ANTONY.

Oct. No, dear lady, I'm not like ANTONY. If I were, I shouldn't have beaten him at Actium.

Cleo. I won't stay to be baited in this way. I won't! I won't!

[Goes towards door.]

Oct. (gallantly). Farewell, then. We shall meet again. AGRIPPA, the Queen is going.

Agr. (breaking off in the midst of his flirtation). Eh? Oh, goodbye.

Cleo. (stamping her foot). CHARMIAN!

[Exit.]

[CHARMIAN jumps up, kisses her hand to AGRIPPA and follows her mistress out.]

Agr. (looking after her). That's a pretty little minx.

Oct. (who has seated himself wearily on the throne). Is she? I didn't notice . . . CÆSARION'S fled.

Agr. So I supposed.

Oct. It's a great nuisance. We must find him. Will you see about it?

Agr. If you wish it. What shall I do with him?

Oct. (in his tired voice). Better put him to death. It will save a lot of trouble in the end.

Agr. But the boy's your own cousin.

Oct. Yes. I have always disliked my relations.

Agr. (admiringly). I begin to think you are a genius, CÆSAR, after all.

Oct. I am. Much good it does me! I'd give my genius for your digestion any day.

[Leans back on throne and closes his eyes. Enter CHARMIAN hurriedly, looking pale and dishevelled.]

Char. Help! Help! The Queen is dying.

Oct. (irritably, opening his eyes). Stop that noise, girl! You make my head ache.

Char. She is dying, I tell you. She has taken poison. [Exit, squealing.]

Agr. Poison, by Jove! Confound it, she mustn't do that, must she?

[Is about to follow CHARMIAN.]

Oct. Why not? It seems to me an excellent arrangement. Very thoughtful of her. Very thoughtful and considerate.

Agr. But we want her for that Triumph of yours.

Oct. Never mind. After all, what is a Triumph? Disagreeable for her. A bore for us. Let her die now, by all means, if she prefers it.

Agr. (impatiently). Don't you try and be magnanimous too. Leave that to your uncle. He did it better.

Oct. (wearily). My dear AGRIPPA, how stupid you are. What possible use can a quite plain and middle-aged lady be in a triumphal procession? If CLEOPATRA were still attractive I should say, "Save her, by all means." As she isn't, (yawning) I think we may let her die her own way without being charged with excessive magnanimity.

Agr. (regretfully). Still I should have liked to have seen her brought to Rome.

Oct. Ah. I shall be quite contented to see her comfortably in her coffin in Egypt. We'll let her be buried beside ANTONY. It will gratify the Egyptians, and it won't hurt us. See to it, there's a good fellow.

[Exit AGRIPPA. OCTAVIAN leans back and falls asleep on the throne.]

St. J. H.

#### TO PHYLLIS.

FAIREST PHYLLIS, May is come,  
Leaves are bursting, blossoms budding,  
On the lawn the insects hum,  
Overhead white clouds are scudding—  
So Spring's joys pass swiftly by;  
Let us taste them while they fly.

Ah! youth's happiness we prize,  
Idle though the world may judge it;  
Let them then our joys despise,  
Wrangle over Bill and Budget,  
Toil and pinch, and suffer pain,  
Fame and worthless wealth to gain.

While discordant parties shout,  
You are wise and do not heed them;  
Books that wrap men's minds in doubt  
Harm you not, you do not read them,  
Well content with me to stand  
In this garden hand in hand.

Sing Spring's carols while you may  
Ere they turn to Winter's dirges;  
As for me I'm growing grey,  
And for you youth's pleasure urges—  
In another year or so  
You must go to school, you know.

NOTE AND QUERY FROM WILLIAM WHELK.—Dear Mr. Punch, I see that Mr. REGINALD SMITH, of the British Museum, has been excavating the Ancient British Estate of Winklebury, near Basingstoke. He has found a boar's tusk and some bones, according to the report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Surely, if the place is so called in consequence of their having buried 'winkles—which is short for periwinkles, you know—in that spot, he must also have discovered any amount of pins. Will you kindly enquire, and oblige?



THE LAST WICKET.

Kitchener (Captain and Wicket-keeper). "HE HAS KEPT US IN THE FIELD A DEUCE OF A TIME; BUT WE'LL GET HIM NOW WE'VE CLOSED IN FOR CATCHES!"





## THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

GET all the money that you can,  
And when the sum 's respectable,  
Draw up yourself your little plan  
Of what you think delectable ;  
Ignore all notions but your own  
In manner dictatorial :  
Thus will you get, and thus alone,  
Your National Memorial.

Next you must have a sculptor—nay,  
I wouldn't let them flurly you  
With open competitions—they  
Would only bore and worry you.  
What though they rate you in the Press  
In wrathful editorial ?  
The sculptor that you choose will bless  
Your National Memorial.

Then take an architect or two—  
The great unknowns by preference,  
Though really anyone will do  
Who shows sufficient deference  
For your high mightiness. This do  
And everlasting glory 'll  
Shine radiant upon your tru-  
Ly National Memorial.

## SUMMER RESORTS.

## DREARDON-CUM-SLOOZE.

! SPRING weather, in pleasing variety of sun and snow-shower, now prevails in this highly fla-favoured locality. Mr. JOSIAH JORKER, Chairman of the Rural District Council here, has bought four black Berkshire pigs, and to lean over the yard gate and inspect them, is now a regular afternoon occupation. Discussion as to their merits runs high amongst our local magnates. Situate as this health-giving village is, it offers to the tired brain-worker complete rest, as there is no railway station within six miles, and only the day-before-yesterday's newspaper is obtainable.

## CHAWBOODLEUM.

A fine bracing N.E. wind has dried the roads, and, amongst the aged and the sick, made a clearance, thoroughly in accord with the "survival of the fittest" doctrine. Trade has never been more brisk with the local undertaker, and the much-respected sexton. The cricket club opens its season to-day, with a match against the neighbouring village of Sludgely. A "Sing-Song," or "Free and Easy," is held every Saturday night at the "Pig and Puppy-Dog," at which well-known hostelry visitors can find every accommodation.

## SLACKINGTON.

In this genial and mild air, where a steady, gentle rain falls on very nearly every day in the year, the Londoner, fleeing from the trying East winds of Spring, may find a welcome refuge. It is quite a pretty sight on Sundays to watch the people with their different coloured



Mary (the new housemaid, who visits the study for the first time, and is un-ware that poor Snooks is suffering from a violent headache, and has been ordered to keep a damp cloth round his head and wear goggles). "LAWK-A-MUS-Y!"

Mrs. Snooks (appearing at door). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARY? IT'S ONLY MASTER!"

waterproofs, stream out of church. There is a rumour that the present supply of cabs will shortly be augmented by one, if not two, fresh vehicles. On Monday last a German band played a charming selection of music in the market place, and there was a dog-fight in the High Street.

## PORKBURY.

This charming spot only requires to be known, to ensure plenty of patronage from visitors. The new pump is being pushed forward rapidly, and the Vicar intends to hold jumble sales once a week throughout the summer. This, in itself, will, it is expected, prove a great attraction.

Police - Constable SLUMMERS, whose

urbanity and great consideration for the inhabitants (especially on Saturday nights) have always been so conspicuous, is about to leave, and some of the more prominent townsmen have taken the opportunity of marking their sense of his valuable services by presenting him with a handsome pewter pot, engraved with his name and the date.

A piano-organist now regularly attends the weekly market, and his music is greatly appreciated by those engaged in buying and selling.

At the Farmer's Eighteenpenny Ordinary, last week, Mr. CHUMPAW stated that his mangolds were "the whackin'est big 'uns" grown in the county.



## ONE MORE !

WHY did the strawberries cry?  
Because the cream was whipped.



## THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

## II.

My Lord, I have your gratifying lines  
Which do us equal honour, me and you.  
You have, I notice, thoughtfully perused  
The critics' judgment on my latest work,  
Wherein they dwell with proper English pride  
Upon the service I have done to Art.  
That soft impeachment I will not deny.  
Nor do I simply claim that in my person  
I touch the highest single peak of Art,  
As the Divine Interpreter of Life,  
Nature's Protagonist; I also am  
The magnet which attracts the lesser arts,  
The link that binds them by a common lure.

Patron of letters, silent but for me,  
I give to poetry (or else to prose)  
The thing they lack—sublime articulation;  
And from my bounteous hand the chosen scribe  
Whom I delight to honour bears away  
The most enormous guerdons ever known.  
Patron of plastic art, the living kind,  
I have an exquisite regard for form;  
And, by the rhythmic postures I assume,  
Teaching my company likewise to pose  
As breathing statues, ambulant at will,  
I give the astonished sculptor food for thought.  
Patron of harmony, I set my seal  
On incidental music. I permit  
Triumphant blasts to advertise my coming,  
Appropriate strains to punctuate my words,  
And melting passages to mark the close;  
Yet ever keep the lower art in check  
So that it serves, but not obscures, the higher.

Patron of painting also, I command  
Expert professors of the larger brush  
(For whose colossal schemes a fitting scope  
May not be found on ordinary walls)  
To bid the Titan canvas speak aloud;  
Yet not so loud that, when I walk the stage,  
Their art should show as other than an adjunct  
To emphasise and throw in fair relief  
My dominating personality;  
While for the drop-scene, which concerns me less,  
Being my background merely when I bow,  
And rather meant to soothe the general brain  
Narcotically to beguile the time  
Vacant between the visions of myself—  
Here I allow a wider latitude,  
Letting my workmen's fancy play at large;  
And, if I judge them rightly by results,  
It is a liberty they much enjoy.

Such, then, the arts to which I give a home  
And yet I have not mentioned nearly all.  
Take architecture; I encourage that;  
Eclectic, I extend a helping hand  
To representatives of various styles,  
Gothic, Flamboyant, Perpendicular,  
Rococo, and of Italy new-born.

Under my wing the decorative arts  
Flourish like bay-trees all about the building.  
A careless luxury pervades the place  
Rich in seraglio-spoils and Tyrian dyes,  
Druggets of Ind, and enervating plush;  
The walls are eloquent with fresco-work  
Vaguely suggestive of the Sistine vault;  
Pillar and portal, bar and balustrade  
Aspire in marble (real, not imitation)  
Expressly hewn for me in fabulous climes,  
And tinted naturally like a rainbow.

Nor do I overlook the humblest arts.  
The dull mechanic toils at my behest  
Shifting the scenery; the lime-light person  
Plays round me with his concentrated moons;  
To me the wig-man dedicates his wares,  
And the costumier takes his breath from me.  
I give her cue to Fashion; when I move  
In evening dress, conducting social plays,  
As from a leading tailor's patterned block  
The youth of London learns the latest mode;  
And to my ladies' gowns (inspired by me)  
Critics devote their best appreciations,  
Often extending to a semi-column.

Some other minor services to Art,  
May have escaped my notice; and, indeed,  
I hardly care to labour instances  
Which might convey a hint of self-esteem.  
Enough has been advanced to prove that I  
Am something more than mere consummate Master  
In what the world accounts as the profession;  
That I attach or focus to myself  
All sister arts, confederate to form  
A kind of Universal Exhibition;  
Like certain splendid patrons, known to fame,  
Tyrants and others, who encouraged Art,  
Yet cannot properly be called my peers  
Since they were only amateurs themselves;  
As DIONYSIUS of Syracuse,  
FRANCIS the First, POPE JULIUS the Second,  
AUGUSTUS, PERICLES, and Monsieur LOUBET.

Once more, my Lord, I willingly accept  
Your compliments. It is my pleasure to  
Reciprocate them; I enclose a Box.

O. S.

## "ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD."

(From Diary of Sam Peeps, Junior.)

May 1.—Up betimes. To Westminster, where a review of the Thames fleet. A great crowd both by land and water, and well worth seeing. The boats all newly painted and mighty brave with flags and bunting, so that it was the finest sight that ever I did see in all my life, and makes me resolve in future ever to go by water, being both for cheapness, speed and comfort, better than the crowded streets where so many coaches.

May 2.—To Westminster. Bought a ticket for Chelsea; cost me 2d. Having waited half-an-hour, was told the boats ran every ten minutes. By-and-by, a boat, and all well till Vauxhall Bridge, where the tide somewhat strong and the boat weak; we could by no means pass, but swept back so often as we reached the piers. A mighty crowd on bridge, and cheered lustily, to our no small indignation, but being held by the tide could in no wise escape, and at their mercy more than half-an-hour. And so anon back to Lambeth, where all ashore. I was for keeping my ticket, to use upon another occasion, but the man would not suffer me to pass. Cost me 2d. and upwards of an hour to travel three furlongs, and makes me doubtful as to ever again going by water.



*The Oldest Inhabitant (female) to Paterfamilias, who has taken to snap-shooting, and has been "fiddling about" with his finder, and focusing, &c., for the last ten minutes). "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU BE A-PLAYIN', SIR, BEING HARD O' HEARIN'; BUT THANKEE KINDLY, SIR, ALL THE SAME!"*

#### DIARY OF AN ADVANCE AGENT.

(What we may come to.)

Monday, 10 A.M.—Reached England. Country half asleep.

4.0 P.M.—Reached London. Village awake, but not really spry.

4.30.—Reached "Hotel Magnificent."

4.45.—Went all over it. Nice house. Do as a *pied à terre* for our directors when over here.

5.0.—Bought it.

8.0.—Dinner. Arranged to turn dining-room into ante-room for callers. Tired. Counted cheques. Bed.

Tuesday, 9.0 A.M.—Read *Times* at breakfast. Leader disparaging our company. Must see to this.

10.0.—Saw proprietors of *Times*.

11.0.—Bought *Times*.

12.0.—Heard of difficulty with staff. Editor resigned.

1.0 P.M.—Bought some editors.

1.5.—Lunch.

3.0 to 6.0.—Interviewed company's competitors: three minutes each.

6.0 to 7.0.—Wrote cheques.

8.30.—Theatre. Play, *The Ironmaster*. Don't like the sound: suggests rivalry: must see if rights are to be had.

Wednesday.—Curiously unlucky morning. Admiralty wouldn't sell Fleet. War Office refused to scrap guns. Colonial Secretary declined to let me have Jamaica as a tip for our ashes. At this rate no use staying out. Picked up Thames Steamboat fleet for an old song on way back. Will do to run on the canals inside our fitting shop.

Thursday, 5.0 P.M.—Things been humming to-day. Steamboat deal evidently leaked out. Bought the P. and O., Cunard, White Star, Orient, Union Castle, and North German Lloyd. Bought the Liverpool Docks. Bought the London and North Western. Cabled to my company that they might begin making.

Friday, 10.0 A.M.—Cable from company asking me to buy less and sell more. Nonsense. Plenty of time for selling. Much best policy to buy up all our customers first; sell to ourselves then, and make sure of orders.

4.0 P.M.—Bought Holyhead Harbour. Made an offer for St. George's Channel.

Saturday, 9.0 A.M.—Cable from home, "Rival Trust formed. Underselling. Return at once."

10.0 A.M.—Returning.

#### PENS IN REST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—That usually excellent Association of Warriors the Royal United Service Institution recently offered a prize for the best essay on "Lessons to be drawn from the Expedition to South Africa in regard to the best organisation of the Land Forces of the Empire." Well, Sir, so far so good.

Now what do you say to these headings to such a paper? "Why not break up the Horse Guards?" "What do they fail to learn at the Intelligence Department?" "Who is responsible for everything?"

There, Sir, those headings suggest the contents of the Essay to which I refer. And yet, Sir—no prize was awarded!

Yours indignantly,

A HATER OF RED TAPE.



## WHAT THE ZOO REALLY WANTS!

(Report of a Midnight Mass-Meeting of Representative Denizens.)

THE ELEPHANT (who, on the motion of the JACKAL, was unanimously voted into the chair) said they were met together that evening to consider the present highly unsatisfactory state of their accommodation in those Gardens. ("Hear, hear!" and groans.) He thought the general trend (great applause) was towards a thorough overhauling of all our old-established institutions. Any weight he might have should be thrown into the scale of Reform. There was much that needed setting right. (Cheers.) For instance, he could not think it was quite fair that he and his hon. friend the CAMEL should be the only animals compelled to ply for hire as public conveyances. He considered the LION and the TIGER ought to take their turn at this work. (The KANGAROO. "Hear, hear!")

The LION had no objection in the world to the proposal—provided he were licensed to carry passengers *inside* as well as out.

The TIGER was quite ready to consider the suggestion, as amended. What he chiefly complained of was the scandalous insufficiency of the catering. He would like to see every animal provided at least with a live baby on his birthday, and possibly on Bank Holidays. (Cheers from all the CARNIVORÆ.) From the lowest point of view, he thought it would draw the Public. He felt sure he could rely on the support of his hon. friend, if he would allow him to term him so, the GIRAFFE.

The GIRAFFE said that, as a confirmed vegetarian, he was of opinion that dates contained more sustenance to the square inch than their equivalent in babies. (Uproar.) Well, it was purely a matter of taste. Where he ventured to think the authorities wanting was in their neglect to provide more facilities for exercise. (Loud applause.) Why not transform the whole of the Regent's Park into a desert? A few cart-loads of sand, a palm or two, and the thing would be done. Then individuals like his friend the SLOTH, for instance, would be encouraged to lead healthier lives.

The SLOTH was understood to remark that exercise was all skittles. Let every animal be given a good old-fashioned four-post bedstead, and never be called except for meals, and they would hear no more grumbling. He appealed to his friend the LYNX.

The LYNX said his friend the SLOTH had, in appealing to him, come—if they would pass the expression—to the wrong shop. He generally sat up all night, and never slept except with one eye open. The Gardens always closed just when he was beginning to feel lively and ready to make an evening of it.

The POLAR BEAR was prepared to support the GIRAFFE'S scheme with a slight modification. None of your sandy deserts. Make the entire Park into a Skating Rink, with real ice and real icebergs (even artificial would be better than nothing). At present, the place was disgracefully overheated. ("No, no!" from the SALAMANDER.) Perhaps his friend would allow him to know what he was talking about. All he could say was that, since his arrival in those Gardens, he had never once known what it was to feel comfortably cool.

The HIPPOPOTAMUS thought there should be some opportunity afforded for innocent social recreation. They might rail in a space, engage the Pink Pomeranians, and allow the animals to meet, say, every Saturday evening, for a friendly dance. His friend the HYENA appeared to be amused—but, if his laughter implied any allusion to the speaker's figure, he might inform him that stout persons were notoriously the most graceful performers in the Terpsichorean Art. Not that he went in for round dances—only square—still, he flattered himself—(Roars of laughter, led by the HYENA, amidst which the speaker sat down.)

The OSTRICH said he enjoyed a waltz occasionally, but he liked lots of room for it. Personally, he would rather see a Cinder track laid down all round the Park and sprinting races instituted. He would back himself for a pound of brass-headed

nails and a pocket corkscrew to give the PELICAN and TOUCAN a thousand yards start, and beat their old beaks off.

The PELICAN regretted that he was no longer an Athlete. But he was still a keen sportsman, and would like to see every animal there allotted his private lake, with the fishing strictly preserved. Think what it would mean to an overworked person like his friend the CAMEL to get away occasionally for a quiet day's fishing.

A BLUE-NOSED BABOON considered they all required some form of rational amusement. He was sick and tired of pulling a smaller monkey's tail, and then bolting. Why shouldn't they be given a Switchback Railway, or a Steam Merry-go-Round? But even a Rocking-Horse in every cage would afford them some intellectual diversion. They had a rocking-horse, he knew, at the Manchester Zoo, also a pump with a movable handle.

The RHINOCEROS said if anyone dared to put a Rocking-Horse in his stable, he would rip it open. Ah, he would, though! Bolder measures were wanted if the Zoo was to be rendered decently habitable. His idea was: Keep out the Public, turn the Gardens into a jungle, with plenty of swamp, and then let all the animals loose to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. They wouldn't be bothered with Keepers very long after that.

The RUSSIAN WOLF doubted whether the Swamp would hold water. He had a better plan. Lay down five feet of snow over the whole Park, throw it open to the public, and get them to take up sleighing. There was worse fun, he could assure them, then chivvying a sleigh with a couple of crocks and a confirmed roarer in the traces.

The TORTOISE said that was not a form of amusement that particularly appealed to him. He preferred burrowing, and he attributed his perfect health at his advanced age entirely to a lifelong abstinence from violent physical exercise and excitement.

The SEAL advocated the erection of a Waterehute, like the one at Earl's Court. Boats would not be required, as they could easily slide down on their stomachs. He merely threw out the suggestion. (Interruption.)

The Chairman. We all throw it out. Preposterous! It is a pity some people haven't more imagination! (The SEAL resumed his seat.)

The BROWN BEAR said it appeared to him that the grand mistake all previous speakers had made was to regard this important question too much from a personal point of view. He had a proposition which he ventured to think avoided that error, and consulted the general convenience. Let the Committee give each animal a good large pit all to himself—(Applause.)—he had not finished yet. Let that pit be provided—not with a clumsy old-fashioned climbing pole—but an up-to-date hydraulic lift. Surely they saw the advantage of that? Why, when they noticed a particularly attractive infant above, with a bun or what-not, all they would have to do would be to step into the lift, be carried comfortably up, and, well—help themselves. If their comforts were only studied a little more in little things like that, he was sure they would all be better and happier beasts.

The BEAVER considered that their chief grievance was the housing accommodation, which was totally inadequate. He attributed this to the employment of Human Architects instead of animals like themselves, who are naturally the best judges of their own requirements. Give him plenty of time and building materials, and he would undertake to re-house the whole population on a scientific and sanitary system of his own. (Interruption.) He had been building ever since he was born, and was he to be told that he did not know his business by that time? He knew from whence those ignoble attempts to howl him down proceeded—from envious and incompetent amateurs like— (The remainder of the BEAVER'S remarks was inaudible from the gallery.)

Other speakers followed, but the meeting broke up about 4.30 A.M. in some confusion, without having adopted any definite scheme of improvement, and was adjourned *sine die*. F. A.



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## OUT OF DANGER.

[A book has just been published, entitled, "How to avoid Payment of Debt."]

HAIL, most kindly foe to duns,  
Who, a worthy purpose aiding,  
Come to counsel needy ones  
In their task of law-evading.

Prime them well with precepts, how  
Best with creditors to wrangle;  
Show what shifts the laws allow,  
How their mazes more to tangle.

Let us purchase choicest wine,  
Precious jewels, costly raiment,  
Frolic freely, gratis dine,  
Revel—and avoid the payment.

Fools and money bid us part,  
And provide us "mugs" for milking;  
Give us lesson in the art  
Of an advantageous bilking.

Yet of debt though thus we shun  
Payment—or at least defer it,  
Here's a plan—a simpler one  
And a safer—don't incur it.

## PEOPLE WHO FALL ON ME.

## I.—THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS SEEDY.

It isn't FLABSTER's fault—I know all about that; but he's one of the most depressing men I ever met. He carries about him the atmosphere of a chemist's shop, and always looks as if he had swallowed the wrong medicine. He's the kind of man who never has a sensible straightforward illness, but has perpetually some finicking little ailment that afflicts his friends far more than it afflicts him. He makes it a rule to tell his family history after he's known you about two minutes. His grandfather was a martyr to asthma, and his grandmother suffered from nerves. So, probably, on consideration did the grandfather, but FLABSTER never enlarged on that point. Then his father— But FLABSTER will tell you all about it when you see him.

"Heredity, my friend," says he (I'm not his friend, but that's one of FLABSTER's hasty assumptions); "diathesis—gouty diathesis!"

"Dire nuisance," I murmur under my breath, then try to look sympathetic.

"I tell you what," said FLABSTER solemnly to me one day. "If people always took a small quantity of liquid at the end of meals they would be far better."

"A liqueur does make a difference," I assented heartily,—if somewhat maliciously.

He regarded me with a look of bilious reproach, and I fled.

One could forgive FLABSTER for not being enthusiastic about the English climate. But no climate was ever known to suit him. If you meet him in the



Carpenter. "WELL, BOY, HAVE YOU GROUND ALL THE TOOLS, AS I TOLD YOU, WHILE I'VE BEEN OUT?"

Boy (newly apprenticed). "YES, MASTER, ALL BUT THIS 'ERE 'ANDSAW. AN' I CAN'T QUITE GET THE GAPS OUT OF IT!"

Engadine in radiant weather he complains dismally about vertigo and over-stimulation from the air, and not even the most obvious witticisms will shame him.

One superb June I met him in Venice. I thought him looking very well, and ventured on the observation. Of course he denied it, with the air of a man whose moral character has been besmirched and who despairs of ever being understood.

"I thought you would say so," he remarked with a gloomy smile. "It's the peculiarity of malarial complaints—"

Then I recollected an appointment and made for the nearest gondola.

FLABSTER is well-to-do: a man should

take his gout where he gets his gold, and be thankful. He has no particular work to do (if he had, perhaps his health would improve); yet he is always taking a holiday because he is "run down." I wish—but no, that's brutal!

No doubt his ancestors have bequeathed various unpleasant little legacies; but that's no reason why other folk should pay duty on them. FLABSTER should remember that there are other forms of light literature besides QUAIN'S Dictionary of Medicine.

A. R.

MOTTO FOR A VOLUME OF QUOTATIONS FROM DICKENS.—"Boz' locutus est."

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

SCENE—Author's Sanctum. TIME—The best hour for work. Author discovered, pen in hand, reading his opening sentence.

Author. "The cruelty of small things is summed up in—"

Mrs. Author (entering). Don't let me disturb you, dear; but didn't you say the top landing was to be whitewashed?

Author (irritably). Of course. Now, pray do leave me alone. I must get on with my work.

Mrs. Author. Well, you needn't be so irritable. You know you would be very angry if we made a mistake. You quite understand—the top landing is to be white-washed. Eh? Nothing more?

Author. White-wash everything, so far as I am concerned; but I'm very busy just now. (He is left alone.) Now, let me see. (Reads) "The cruelty of small things is summed up in—"

Mrs. Author (re-appearing). Did you say the children were not to go out in the square?

Author (irritably). Oh, for goodness sake my dear! Certainly. Let them go—anywhere!

Mrs. Author. You see, all the windows are open on account of the workmen, so the children might catch cold.

Author (with great self-restraint). Quite so. Let them go, by all means. But just at this minute—

Mrs. Author. Though, of course, Dr. AURICALL said they were very delicate and that the wind was in the East.

Author (sweetly). Then keep them in. But (plaintively), please—

[Resumes work.

Mrs. Author. Surely you might take



Little Boreham. "AND THERE STOOD THE LION RIGHT IN MY PATH!"

Fascinating Widow. "AND I SUPPOSE IT WAS TOO LATE TO TAKE ANOTHER PATH!"

a little interest in your children's welfare.

Author (bitterly). I take so much interest that I am writing myself dry to gain a livelihood for them. (Exit partner of his joys, &c., then, with a remembrance of W-is-n B-rr-tt, "How long! how long!" settles down to work again.) Now let me take up the thread of my article. "The cruelty of small things is summed up in—" What, again!

Mrs. Author (who has re-entered). You must be reasonable. Is the paint in the dining-room to have one coat or two?

Author (wearily). Oh, three, or four, or five! (Ironically) And waistcoats too!

Mrs. Author. Now, you are losing your temper. You know we must have it done. But, there, I won't disturb you. I'm off.

[Exit.

Author (returning to his work). "The cruelty of small things is summed up"—is summed up—oh, I know, "in a spring cleaning!"

[Groans audibly.

Curtain.

## THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

### OLD STYLE.

Official. You will be glad to learn that by not recruiting up to the full strength of the Army we have saved thousands of pounds.

Tax-Payer. Excellent! Grand economy!

Official. And by giving out impossible contracts have decreased the proper number of our Navy.

Tax-Payer. Good! Marvellous finance!

Official. And by these means are scarcely taxing anybody.

Tax-Payer. Anybody too many.

Ought to be taxing nobody!

### NEW STYLE.

Official. I am sure you will be pleased to hear that by paying everyone five shillings a day we have overdrawn millions.

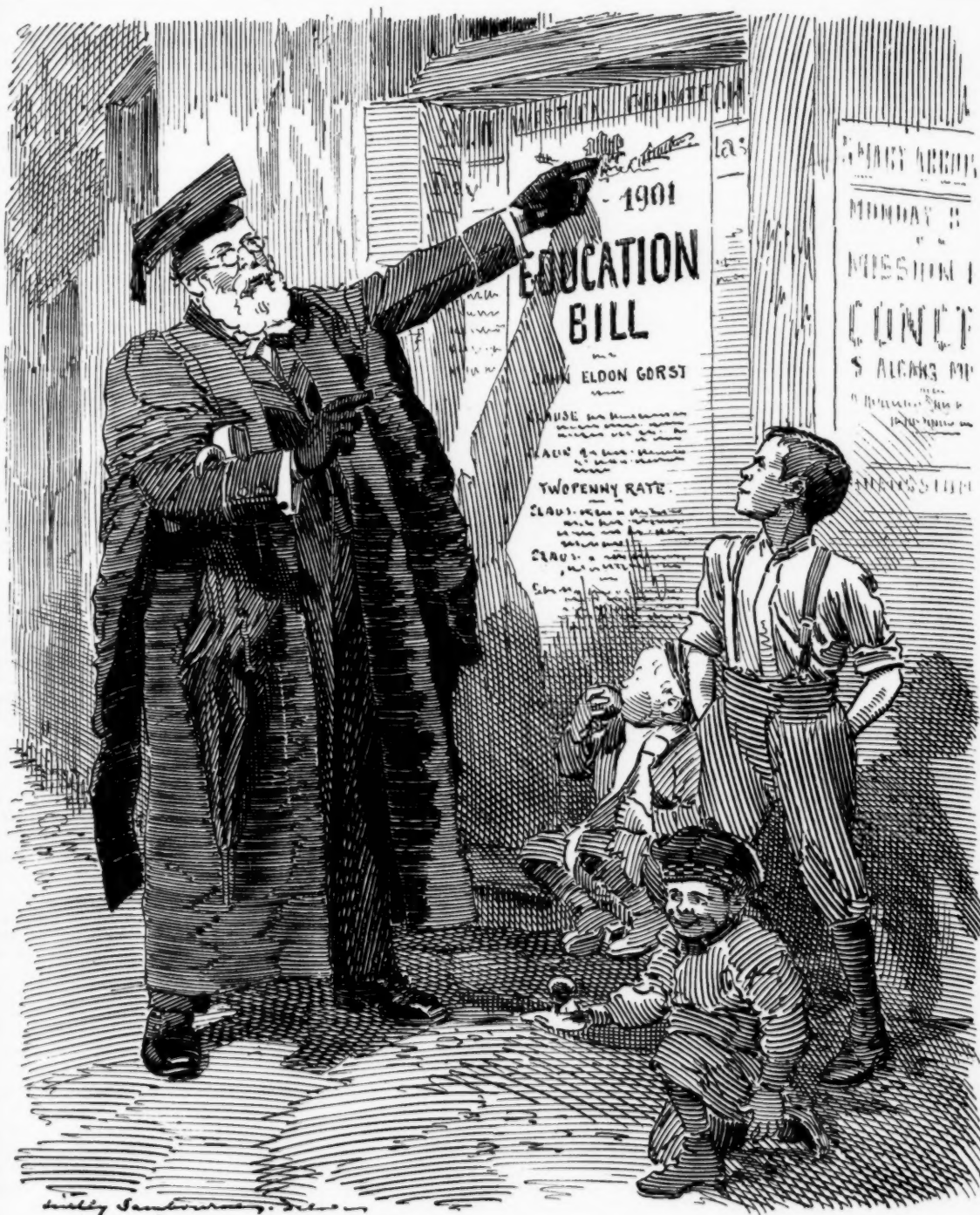
Tax-Payer. Why, certainly! Justifiable expenditure!

Official. And by placing our contracts properly have doubled the fleet by a limitless expenditure!

Tax-Payer. Magnificent! Splendid grasp of figures!

Official. And by these means are taxing nearly anybody.

Tax-Payer. Anybody, good friend, not enough. Ought to be taxing everybody!

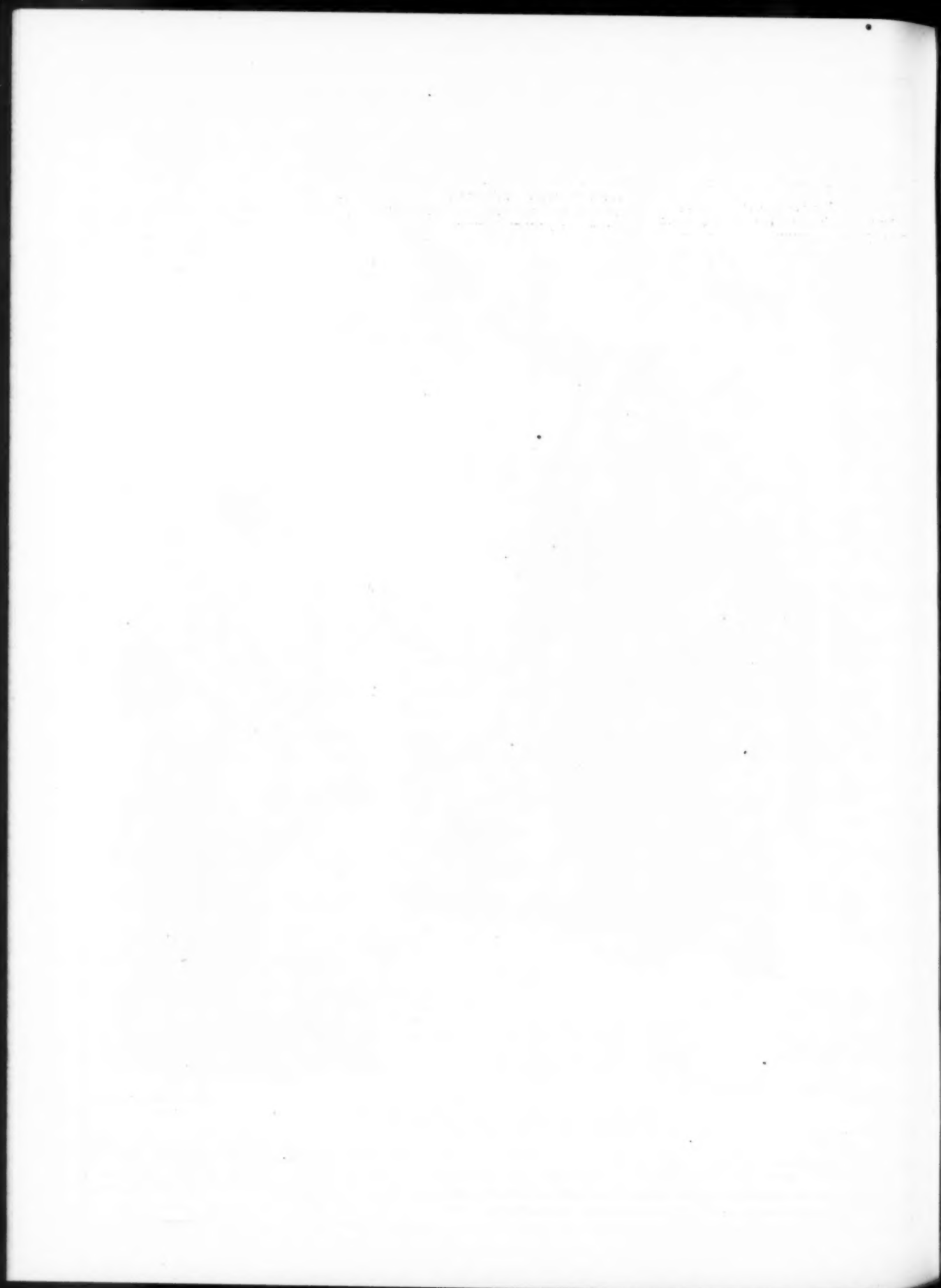


## THE RAW MATERIAL.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN E. GORST, Q.C., M.P. "YOU'VE A GREAT CAREER BEFORE YOU, MY LITTLE MAN! UNDER MY NEW SCHEME THERE IS NOTHING TO PREVENT YOU FROM BEING SENIOR WRANGLER, OR PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, OR EVEN—AH!—VICE-PRESIDENT OF COMMITTEE OF EDUCATION!"

UNEDUCATED URCHIN. "GARN! WHO ARE YOU GETTIN' AT?"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 6.—  
"Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."  
Thus PRINCE ARTHUR, in his anguish dropping into slang translation of ancient Greek. Invocation murmured through open fingers of hands, on which his head was bent in attitude of despair seen only once or twice in a Session. Second night of debate on Coal Tax Resolution; had hoped to finish it at one sitting; for all useful purposes hope might have been realised; but the beggared coal-owners die hard. If they have to pay a shilling a ton export duty on some of their coal, they will take it out in talk. Coal constituencies throughout Kingdom incited to put pressure on their representatives. These last came down in scores with speech ready; whenever Member on legs made an end of speaking, a dozen others swooped in effort to catch the SPEAKER'S eye.

Adjournment last Thursday inevitable; conceded at last moment. Anyhow, will get division at this sitting; more Members than ever want to talk; give them a quarter of an hour, or, at most, twenty minutes apiece, and might have useful, interesting debate. And here's BROTHER GERALD, of all men in the world, rising after EDWARD GREY and talking for an hour and twenty minutes. If some enemy had done this thing, if it were an Irish Member, it would be the expected and must be endured. But the President of the Board of Trade!

O GERALD, O mon frère,  
Le bon sens t'abandonne.

This start enough to cripple any debate; did not recover for hours. Towards midnight LAMBTON lifted the cloud with breezy speech in which, to delight of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he "went for" ST. MICHAEL. In other passages mentioned some interesting autobiographical incidents. Appears that this scion of the Durham family, beginning his oratorical career lisped, not in numbers but, in measures. To be precise, in coal measures. Years ago, when a boy at Eton, disturbance in the coal trade was made topic of debate at Pop. Naturally, young LAMBTON an authority on the subject; delivered a speech which settled controversy. To-night read to attentive House summary report of proceedings. Debate in House of Commons from time of BURKE and FOX, frequently quoted at Pop. Never before was House of Commons treated to intellectual educational advantage of learning what had been said by short-jacketed statesmen settling affairs of universe in that Cradle of Cabinet Ministers.

Business done.—Coal Tax Resolution carried by 333 votes against 227.

Tuesday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK has a

curious theory about the Member for Carmarthen District. According to common report, Mr. Pickwick has been dead these many years. SARK insists that he is back with us in the flesh, and has assumed the name of ALFRED DAVIES. Of course, there can be nothing in it. But, really, when you watch Mr. DAVIES advancing a pace on to the floor of the House with intent to unmask DON JOSÉ, one recalls Sam Weller's immortal master. Put Mr. DAVIES in tights and gaiters, with one hand behind his coat-tails, the other waving in the air to assist his denunciation of the Author of all Modern Evil, and



"MR. PICKWICK" REDIVIVUS!

"Will the right hon. Gentleman the Colonial Secretary do me the honour of replying to my Question, and will he also have the kindness to make himself audible? May I also so far presume as to ask for strict silence while the answer to this Question is given?"

(Mr. Alfred D-v-s.)

you have Mr. Pickwick to a gaiter button. Owing to nature of Mr. DAVIES's self-appointed mission in the House, it is Mr. Pickwick in his severest moments—Mr. Pickwick meditating over the iniquities of Job Trotter, made known in the confidences of Sam Weller.

When he has a Question to put indicating discovery of some fresh enormities at Colonial Office, Mr. DAVIES strategically secures a seat on front bench below the Gangway, whence he can watch the conscience-stricken COLONIAL SECRETARY awaiting the moment of peril. Before the Bench, drawn on the matting, runs a thin red line, reminiscent of duelling days. When GEORGE THE THIRD was

King Members were prone in the heat of argument to advance a pace across the floor with intent to pink each other; this line was drawn, and order issued that no gentleman addressing the House should cross it. Mr. DAVIES, intent on "getting at" DON JOSÉ, disregards the injunction which, the ancient cause non-existent, abides to this day. Stepping well out beyond the line, so that the House may contemplate the Pickwickian outline of face and figure, he fixes a piercing eye on DON JOSÉ, puts his Question, resumes his seat, magisterially crosses one short leg over the other, and waits to hear what prisoner in the dock has to say. Usually, by way of preface, he wags a forefinger at the culprit, instructing him how he should answer, and informing him it is no use his endeavouring to wriggle out of the tight place into which Mr. Pickwick's acumen and knowledge of affairs have thrust him.

His buoyancy, his bubbling-over conviction that the terrible Minister has at length found his match, combined with DON JOSÉ's stern repression of instinct and desire to tear the little man into shreds, supplies a bit of comedy precious in dull times.

Business done.—JOHN O'GORST, time-honoured Educationalist, brings in a new Bill. Laboriously explains that it is not intended to touch the School Board or interfere with their work; will merely control the latter, and in course of time will swallow the former. "But they will be very comfortable inside," says JOHN O'GORST, nodding assuringly at gentlemen opposite, champions of the School Boards.

Thursday.—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE dipping into history came out a little mixed in colour. Been looking up epoch of Wars of the Roses, in search of support for his argument that what are known as hereditary revenues don't descend from father to son in the long list of British sovereigns.

"When," he said, "HENRY IV., who represented the White Rose—"

"EDWARD! EDWARD!" cried Members later from school.

"Very well, EDWARD," said the SAGE, to whom a trifle here or there is nothing. "When EDWARD IV. represented the Red Rose—"

"HENRY! HENRY!" cried Members.

The SAGE stood aghast. What did they mean? He said HENRY to begin with; they contradicted him; he accepted their correction; now they contradicted again. Hit high or hit low, he could not please them.

"HENRY, exactly; I was right at first. I said HENRY, you said EDWARD. Very well; when he, HENRY, after the triumph of the White Rose, came to the throne—"

"EDWARD! EDWARD!" shouted Members.



(GRAVESEND) "PIER-RE AND HIS PEOPLE"!

Mr. G-lb-rt P-rk-r pilots a few friends from his constituency round the precincts!

Hadn't had such a bit of fun for a long time. Earlier in the evening Mr. WEIR led round the bull the people of Borroston, jealous of the privileges of their neighbours of Carlowsay, desired to borrow. The gravity he imported into the procedure, contrasted with the levity of the Lord Advocate, was good in these doleful days. But nothing compared with the SAGE's distraction between the rival Roses of York and Lancaster. Evidently no use pursuing line of argument. The SAGE, rarely flustered, was hopelessly bewildered. Didn't know a rose from a cabbage, a king from a cotton-spinner; turned aside to other branch of subject, leaving in doubt his impression whether "he, HENRY" (his final but unsuccessful effort at hedging), wore the Red Rose or the White.

*Business done.*—The King's Civil List voted by nearly six to one.

*Friday.*—AUTOLYCUS MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, throwing his wallet over his shoulder, has been out again, picking up more or less unconsidered trifles. Forget how many previous volumes there were. JOHN MURRAY just issued two new ones, covering the epoch 1889-91. At this rate, a pleased generation may expect nine or ten more before AUTOLYCUS reaches the marge of the new century. Never since BOSWELL laid down the pen was there such an industrious

chronicler of small talk. In justice to him, it must be said he has not the personal charm that endears BOZZY to his fellowmen. Dr. JOHNSON's satellite was undoubtedly vain, and looked down upon OLIVER GOLDSMITH. GRANT DUFF's self-conceit is colossal, and from his artificial altitude he looks down on everybody—especially on Mr. GLADSTONE, who twice gave him office, made him Governor of Madras, and Grand Cross of the Star of India.

His industry in this occupation of declining years is merciless. He even goes out to breakfast if there is a chance of picking up any crumbs falling from the table. Envious neighbours charged AUTOLYCUS with the gentle habit of stealing from adjacent flocks, altering the marks of ownership on his plunder, and mingling them with his own sheep. In two closely-printed volumes, crammed with stories, it is natural that here and there our modern Argonaut displays hereditary tendency. But a large number of the stories are new, some of them excellent. Sir MOUNTSTUART's many hosts and hostesses still living will be pleased to be reminded of what was said in the privacy of their breakfast, luncheon, or dinner-table in bygone years.

*Business done.*—Scotch Estimates after Irish row.

#### A POPULAR FALLACY.

["According to a popular but pessimistic author, clothes are 'a fatal invention.' . . . As they do not add to the real heat of the body, i.e. as they only prevent heat from escaping, we should be more warmly clothed and much less encumbered if we increased the natural heat of the body: in other words, we ought to find some means of substituting food for clothes."—*The Globe.*]

COD-liver oil! The wind is chill,  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our temperature up still!  
Phew! How the May North-easters blow  
With rain and thunder, sleet and snow!  
Phew! how the so-called zephyr moans  
Amid its victims' tortured bones!  
Fling off your coat and waistcoat—nay,  
Not draw them closer!—Off, I say!  
Clothes are an empty, senseless form,  
'Tis mere delusion that they're warm,  
An out-of-date exploded notion.  
They do but check the body's motion,  
Stop circulation, make the blood  
A stagnant, cold and frozen flood.  
It follows, the more cold it grows,  
The more you should dispense with clothes.  
Off with them, then, and sing this gay  
And spirit-rousing roundelay:

Oh, some sing the wines of Oporto,  
And some sing of sparkling Tokay,  
While others appear to appreciate beer  
In a simply astonishing way.  
But when I am offered such liquors,  
With a shudder of fear I recoil,  
Saying, thank you, good Sir; but the brand  
I prefer

Is cod-liver oil.

Allow me to mention its virtues.

Are you cold? Take a spoonful of that,

And the generous cup quickly covers you up

With a coat of the cosiest fat.

Are you hungry, exhausted and empty,

Worn out with long labour and toil?  
There is no need to stuff; you will soon  
have enough

Of cod-liver oil.

Are you thirsty? Without hesitation

The spoon to your lip you may press  
And drink to your fill, for the danger is  
nil

You will suffer from any excess.

The fear of ill consequence never

Your sense of enjoyment need spoil;  
So take a good pull—a tablespoon full  
Of cod-liver oil!

**SUGGESTED REVIVAL.**—Seldom, nowadays, does one hear anyone asserting the correctness of a sum in arithmetic as being "according to Cocker." It might be temporarily revived whenever an allusion to the recent decision of the judges in the school question is on the tapis, when it might be alluded to as being a sum-ming up "according to Cocker"—ton.





HINTS TO BEGINNERS.—COACHING.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE BEGINNER WILL DO WELL TO HAND THE REINS TO THE PROFESSIONAL TEACHER.

## THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE ;

OR, THE SUGAR TAX.

*First Unprotected Female.* Ah, woe is me! What horrors I foresee!

*Second U. F.* Why weeps my sister, crying "Woe is me!"

*First U. F.* Disaster for the female race I view.

*Second U. F.* Thy meaning? Give at least a little clue.

*First U. F.* Unloved, unwooed, unwed and all neglected,

I see a world of females unprotected,

And seeing it, my very bosom cracks

With grief and anguish—Ah! the sugar tax!

*Second U. F.* Lo! she has swooned. Most annoying that!

I can't conceive what she was driving at.

But while she lies upon the ground before us,

Let's try to read the riddle. Strike up, chorus!

*Chorus of Unprotected Females.*

Sugar is sweet, and sweeter than a dream

Of Paradise, I deem

The dainty chocolate cream;

And in my eyes more interesting than

An eligible man

Is matchless marzipan.

Yes, sweets are sweet, and bitter to the heart,

Thrice bitter 'tis to part

With sweet jam-puff and tart;

Yet self-restraint our sister surely lacks

If thus her bosom cracks

At thought of sugar tax:

Bad as it is, I have not yet detected

Why it should be suspected

Of leaving us neglected.

*First U. F. (recovering.)* Blind! Blind! Is it not plain?

*Second U. F.* All, all is dark.

Switch on the light.

*First U. F.* I press the button. Hark!

Professor SCHENK—the name 's not new—

Of course you remember it?

*Chorus.*

Of course we do.

*First U. F.* He studied a problem that used to perplex

The world—I refer to the question of sex—

And he proved, to his own entire satisfaction,

That it 's all a matter of sugar's action:

If you want to have boys, you must only eat

Sugar, jam, treacle—anything sweet;

If you want little daughters with long fair curls,

And pretty white pinafores—

*Chorus.*

Who wants girls?

*First U. F.* Well, if sugar is taxed and we have to banish

Sweets from the table, the boys will vanish;

And if no boys are born, why, then,

In course of time there will be no men!

*Chorus.*

O horror! great Heaven,

What a prospect's unfurled!

What a shock she has given!

What a bomb she has hurled

In the midst of us! Think of it, sisters—

Not a man in the whole blessed world!

Imagine a Season!

A dance or a ball

Would lose any reason

For being at all,

And no longer we'd throng in our hundreds

To the dawn-greeting "early and small."

And think of the river!

Ah! think, if you can,

Without a cold shiver,

However you'd plan

Your picnics at Henley or Goring,

Without a concomitant man.

No, no! at the notion

My limbs become lax,

And a frightful emotion

My whole being racks.

We cannot endure it, Sir MICHAEL!

Off, off with your vile sugar tax!

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF it is a happiness for the erudite to communicate with the profane in a form which hides the painful process of achievement and only gives the picturesque results, then (says my Nautical Retainer) Mr. REGINALD BLOMFIELD is thrice blessed. His *Short History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500—1800* (GEORGE BELL), an abridgment of his larger work, is a remarkable example of the way in which history may be made delightful by the charming manner of its presentment. The reader is possessed by the confidence that comes of a sense of the author's personal experience and observation; he knows that he has to do neither with an amateur nor with a maker of books out of books. Add to this that the volume is a very gallery of illustrations, largely the work of the author's own lavish and facile pen. In the unavoidable absence of a royal road to the knowledge of architecture, here is a way,—with Mr. BLOMFIELD for your charioteer—that makes a most deceptive substitute.

In *Plato's Handmaiden* (JOHN LONG) LUCAS CLEEVE has given us a vivid picture of one of the latest crazes, or phases, of modern fashionable life. It is a carefully worked-out story, slight in plot, and not rich in incident, evincing, however, a carefully made study of the men and women she is depicting. The peculiar style of narration that LUCAS CLEEVE affects is occasionally somewhat irritating, as, for instance, when, at some interesting point, the author interposes paragraphically a short dialogue that may probably take place some months or years afterwards, or stops to consider what may be the effect in the distant future of the action then passing under the reader's eyes. If LUCAS CLEEVE would only avoid all attempts at dropping into epigram and enigmatical moralising, the interest of the story, which is a novel of character-development, would absorb the reader from first to last. As it is, the interposed moralisings are distracting. The villain, a married woman with a past more carefully concealed, and a Becky-Sharpian talent for intrigue, is a character drawn by a masterly hand, as, indeed, are all the women in the story, though, perhaps, the simplicity of the heroine is rather overdone. The warm-hearted, impressionable, generous man of the world, who is as utterly unable to realise the caddishness of his generosity towards "lovely woman in distress" as he is to recognise the selfishness of what he considers his true regard and great love for the object of his disloyal passion, is another admirably drawn character. Without any reserve, save the trifling defect above-mentioned, the Baron can strongly recommend this book to those who honour him by following his advice. The book leaves the Baron still puzzled over its title, *Plato's Handmaiden*! Why drag in PLATO? Likewise, why fix that highly moral and respectable sage with a "handmaiden"? By any other name the book would have been just as good, and there are ever so many titles at hand far better than that chosen for it by LUCAS CLEEVE, at least, such is the opinion of the criticising

BARON DE B.-W.

## PICTURES MOUNTED.

MR. G. H. JALLAND, earnest sportsman and jocose draughtsman, is now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street a considerable number of original pictures, reproductions of which have from time to time appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages, where they were "plain," but now, the sporting artist having obtained "the brush," they are coloured. A very bright show, scarlet of course predominating, many of the brilliant hunting scenes striking the eye as quite "the pink" of perfection." In some instances, however, the idea is suggested that the horses owe their burnished coats to having been groomed at the Coloured Lithographic Stables.

Many are already sold, as in another sense will be the sportsmanlike collectors who may be too late for the show. Regard No. 5 one of the best. No. 68 is so full of "go" (rare to be this at 68!) that it may be gone altogether long ere this appears to call public attention to it. No. 22, "A capital Dodge," tells its own tale and the horse's. No. 24. The Scarecrow is delightfully absurd. No. 29 is Leechian in idea, and better as a painting, for LEECH was not very strong as a colourist. No. 44. A clever effect of bad weather. No one would wish Mr. JALLAND to check himself in his artistic career, but he certainly knows how "to draw rain." *Cum multis aliis*. On the whole, a bright and amusing exhibition.

## THE LATEST CRAZE.

SCENE—A salon anywhere. TIME—Afternoon tea. Hostess addressing her guests.

Hostess. Yes, I think this is so much more amusing than "Books," and "Songs." One gets so tired of a lady with toy banners in her hair calling herself "Under Two Flags," and a man insisting that he is perfectly made up for "The Absent-Minded Beggar" when he wears a label of—"Quite blind. Give me a penny," and keeps his eyes open.

First Lady Friend. Certainly. Well, do you think my "Curiosity" was good? An old boot belonging to my great grandfather.

Hostess. Perfectly delightful. So nice to have a great grandfather, and one who wore boots.

Second Lady Friend. Well, my "Curiosity" is not quite so personal. This is an old work-box that has been in our family for the last hundred years.

Chorus. How interesting!

Second Lady Friend. And it was bought, so I have been told, at the Exhibition of 1851.

Professor Grumbles (interposing). Dear



## APPRECIATION.

She. "I LIKE SOME OF YOUR ARTICLES VERY MUCH."

He. "OH, I'M SO GLAD! WHICH WAS THE PART YOU LIKED SPECIALLY?"

She. "WELL—I LIKED THE QUOTATION FROM BALZAC."

lady, I fancy you have made a mistake in your dates. Now, if the box was in your family a century, and it came from the Exhibition of 1851, it must—

Hostess (interposing). Oh, my dear Professor, pray don't worry us with statistics. Now, what have you got?

Professor Grumbles (producing a bag). Well, dear lady, my little contribution to the general hilarity of the occasion will be caused by my friend in the bag. It is a specimen—a very rare specimen—of the South African puff-adder. Most doctors will tell you that the sting of this reptile is dangerous. (He produces from the bag a black, vicious-looking snake.) In fact, most people will say that the

sting, or rather a bite, is certain death. But be reassured, my good friends. In spite of this universal belief, I may say that, without expressing an absolutely definite opinion, I don't think so!

["Curiosity" tea disperses rapidly and in some confusion.

"MOON COINS."—A *propos* of this heading of recent occurrence in the *Times*, a correspondent signing himself "Count DE LUNA" writes, "Can you inform me if the authorities of the Mint have found some scientific method of extracting the metal from the pure silver rays of the Moon? If so, these Lunar Mines will be invaluable. How protect the property?"



## GOOD OLD TIMES REVIVED AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



For a while, at least, the theatre-going public having lost its taste for the "problem play," and beginning to repent itself of its questionable caprice for "the woman with a past," turns to the innocent themes that aforesaid delighted its dining-early fathers, as well as its homely mothers, its generous bachelor uncles, and its kindly spinster aunts. Captain BASIL HOOD, author of the very pretty and interesting comedy *Sweet and Twenty* which has achieved a well-deserved success at the Vaudeville Theatre, eschewing the dangerous ground of modern divorce-court drama, has sought his model for an ideal domestic play—a play, that is, that the rather artificial and simpering young person can be taken to see without calling up the blush to her powdered cheek,—in the style of piece with which the early P., that is the early PINERO, in his salad-dressing days, made us familiar in *Sweet Lavender*; and, going back still earlier, Captain BASIL HOOD evinces his sympathy with the simple dramatic form which sufficiently served the purpose of the social TOM ROBERTSON, and which was brought to perfection by the tender-hearted, mildly punning THOMAS CRAVEN in *The Postboy* and *Meg's Diversions*.

So our good old friend Domestic Drama is once again welcomed back to its own home at the Vaudeville, whose reputation in this kind of play was made by Messrs. JAMES and THORNE with BYRON'S *Our Boys*, and, under the same management, with ALBERRY'S *Two Roses*. Yes, the Vaudeville is now the Domestic Drama's "Home, sweet home," as in ROBSON'S time was the Olympic, where it shared the house, as it did at the Strand and Royalty Theatres, with burlesque.

And, as a connecting link with the past, in this present play of BASIL HOOD'S is "an odd man," one *Prynne*, capably played by Mr. FRED EMNEY, in whose part there is scarcely a line without a pun in it, reminding the old playgoer with a clear memory of the manner of *Jasper Pidgeon* in *Meg's Diversions*, and other similar characters. So the early Victorian low-comedian, with puns as plentiful as plums in his speeches, is not only revived but is going as strong as ever with a public that thoroughly enjoys every line spoken by this eccentric old *Prynne*.

The new order changeth giving place to old, and, to judge from the unequivocal success of this experiment at the Vaudeville, the harking-back movement is already undeniably popular. Yet, for all that, Captain BASIL HOOD is an uncommonly lucky man; his lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places when they have to be spoken by Miss ELLALINE TERRISS. As *Joan Trevelyan*, the "sweet-and-twenty" heroine of the play, she is simply perfect; and, having seen her in this, it is impossible to imagine anyone on the London stage to whom the part would be so exactly fitted. More touchingly, more tenderly, more "sweetly" rendered, it could not be. Those who have not seen Miss ELLALINE TERRISS as *Joan* have a genuine treat in store for them. It is no detraction from the general and individual excellence of the performance to express an opinion that, without ELLALINE TERRISS as the heroine this simple play, in some respects inartistic, especially in its lame finish, could never have gained upon the public as it undoubtedly has done.

Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, one of the best actors of the stage, to whom any part might be safely confided, plays admirably the *Rev. James Floyd*, an elderly clergyman, a manly character who is neither preacher nor prig, and who is therefore from the very first a favourite with the audience.

Miss MARY RORKE is invaluable as *Ellen*, the handsome parlour-maid (whose age may be about thirty-five, and whose "make-up" is most artistic), deeply attached to the family whom she has served since the brothers *Eustace* and *Douglas Floyd* were babies. For a parlour-maid on the stage the name

*Ellen* is rare: somehow, the nomenclature is happy and seems of itself to lift the character out of and above the status of the ordinary stage domestic maid-servant.

Miss VANE FEATHERSTONE flashes across the scene a brilliant meteor, holds the stage for a while, has, indeed, a good five-minutes' solo with scarcely a second's breathing interval for anyone to cut in with the briefest remark, and then—exit—and she "is heard no more." Why this *Mrs. Trevelyan* ever came at all is a query very difficult to answer satisfactorily; certainly *Joan* could have got on without her by merely alluding to the existence of such a person (whether aunt or mother, I could not gather from anything said or done), just as the *Floyd* quartette, *Rev. James*, *Masters Eustace* and *Douglas* and *Chris* (first-rate little boy Mr. GEORGE HERSEE), get on without *Mrs. Floyd* (not *Aurora* of that ilk! Poor *Aurora*!), who is perpetually being spoken of, but who, like the late *Madame Benöiton* in that once popular comedy, is never seen nor even "heard without" during the entire piece.

Mr. HOLBROOK BLINN plays the very difficult part of the bad brother with considerable artistic self-restraint. He makes himself up, and makes himself out, worse than he is. He is morbidly, biliously jealous. That *Joan* could ever have liked him at all, or trusted him in the least, he being such a vampire-looking sort of person, is just one of the two patent improbabilities of the play.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, as *Douglas Floyd*, is the very man for this breezy, youthful, rather feather-headed but very warm-hearted sailor, and he makes the character go with the audience for all it is worth. Nor is it necessary that the Cain of this play (Mr. BLINN) should be so evidently a contrast to the Abel as author and actors have apparently thought. The lights and shades of the character of *Douglas Floyd*, the frank, easy-going, open-hearted, yet for all that diffident and bashful sailor, and then the deeply repentant prodigal son returned home, are well brought out by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who in this part is suited down to the ground, or to the sea, and shows in it a vein of pathos hitherto unexpected in so very light a comedian. The episode of the toy pistol (this is the second glaring improbability) is so preposterous that how it escaped excision during rehearsal, that is, after the piece had been accepted on the strength of the parts to be played by Mr. HICKS and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, is a marvel even to one so practically versed in the mysteries of stage-craft as is this present critic. But "there's always a somethin'," and in spite of these "somethin's" this piece is in for a good run of public favour.



## AN OLD FRIEND IN NEED.

At a time when the question of coal is occupying so much attention it may occur to some generous owners and tax-payers that there is another way of spelling it, namely, the one adopted by His Majesty the ancient King Cole, and not only by that monarch, but also by one of our "queens of song," Madame SUSANNAH COLE, who, as the public has recently been informed, through no fault of her own but simply through misfortune, has fallen on evil days and is now in need of charitable assistance. Mr. BALFOUR granted Madame COLE a sum from the Royal Bounty Fund, and Queen ALEXANDRA has not only expressed her kindly sympathy but has also given to it practical effect in a handsome donation. Mr. *Punch* is informed that the well-known music-hall publishers, Messrs. CHAPPELL, of Bond Street, are kindly acting as treasurers to the fund, and to Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, all subscriptions for the "Madame COLE Fund" should be sent direct. The "live COLE" is still bright and brilliant! Let us do our best to keep her so. She is now seventy-one, and—so the *Daily Graphic* tells us—"her voice is still wonderful." So, musical public, notes as a present for notes in the past.